

A
S E R M O N
P R E A C H E D
A T T H E
F U N E R A L
O F

Sir John Chapman,
Late *LORD MAYOR* of London
At *S^t Lawrence's Church*, March 27. 1689.

By *JOHN SCOTT*, D. D.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Walter Kestilby*, and *Thomas Horne* ; and
are to be sold at the *Bishops-Head* in *S^t Paul's
Church-Yard*, and at the South-Entrance of
the *Royal-Exchange*, in *Cornhill*, 1689.

A
SERMON
PREACHED
AT THE
FUNERAL
OF

Sir John Chapman
The LORD MAYOR of London
At St. Dunstons Church, March 17, 1719.

By JOHN SECT. D. D.

LONDON

Printed at W. Knapton, and W. H. Hall; and
are to be sold at the Bishop's Head in St. Pauls
Church-Yard, and at the South Entrance of
the Royal-Exchange, in Cornhill, 168 p.

TOMY
Lady CHAPMAN.

Madam,

IT is purely in compliance with your Ladiship's repeated Request (which I could neither in Gratitude, Civility, or good Nature, refuse) that I publish this Sermon: and therefore, though I cannot deny but the defects of it are mine; yet I must crave leave to tell your Ladiship, that I think those much more excuseable than the Publication of it: and for that I am not answerable, unless it be a fault to gratify the most kind and obliging.

In the Composure of it, I happen'd, I know not how, to be so affected with the Argument, that my thoughts ran out to a much greater length than I intended: In-somuch, that when I preach'd it, for fear of presuming too much upon the patience of the Auditory, I was forced to omit a great deal of what I here publish, not doubting, but that many, who had not then leisure enough to bear it, might, one time or other, find leisure enough to read it. For, how defective soever the Composure may be, I am sure the Argument is such, as richly deserves our most serious Thoughts and Consideration.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Such as it is, Madam, I humbly present it to your
Ladiship, who, I must needs own, have the most
equitable Claim to it, as being the nearest concerned
in the ~~Torrowful~~ *Torowful* occasion of it. And that it may prove
worth your Claiming, by being in some measure con-
tributary to the increase of your Piety and Vertue, and
to the support of your dejected Spirit, under the dear
Loss you are lamenting, and of which (Pardon me,
Madam, if I tell you) you have been, and I fear
are, still too sensibly sensible; is the hearty Prayer
of,

Madam,

Your Ladship's most Faithful,

and obliged Servant,

John Seem.

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 on John 7. 14.
- 's Sermon at St. Andrew's Church, London, Dec. 11.
 1685. on 1 Cor. x. 17.

from things, than their Nature, and Circumstances
well-stand; but content to take Men and
things as we find them: the former, with all their
SERMON

Preached at the

FUNERAL

Of the LATE

Lord Mayor.

ECCLES. vij. i.

—*and the day of Death, than the day
of ones Birth.*

IN the former part of this Book, the *Preacher*
treats of the many false ways Men take to their
own Happiness, and now he comes to describe
the true Way and Method of attaining it; in
general, he all along supposes that the best state
of Happiness in this World is exceeding imperfect,
and that therefore, in order to our being in any mea-
sure happy, it is necessary we should not expect more
from

from things, than their Nature, and Circumstances will afford; but content our selves to take Men and things as we find them: the former, with all their uncertainty and inconstancy; the latter, with all their faults and miscarriages, since it is not in our power to alter their nature, and render them as we would have them. And as for the particular directions he gives, they are reducible to this general, That in order to our being, in any degree, happy in this World, it is necessary we should change our mind, and thoughts, and opinions of things, and embrace some such Propositions, for the truest and most indubitable Maxims, which we have hitherto lookt upon as the wildest Paradoxes, namely, That Mourning is, in many Cases, to be preferred before Feasting, *v.* 2, 3, 4. Rebukes before Commendations, *v.* 5, 6. The End, or final issue of things before the Beginning, *v.* 8. A patient and constant indurance of Injuries and Affronts before a peevish and haughty Mind, *v.* 9. Wisdom before Riches, *v.* 11, 12. and to name no more, That a good name is better than precious ointment: and the day of death, than the day of ones birth, as you have it in the Text.

I shall not trouble you with any account of the connexion between these two Comparisons, *A good name is better than precious ointment; and the day of death is better than the day of ones birth*: the latter of which I have chosen for the Subject of my ensuing Discourse, *The day of death is better than the day of ones birth*, which, though it may seem a very odd Paradox, at first view (to men who place all their hopes in this Life, and act as if all the consequents of their death, were as indifferent to them as all the antecedents of their Birth) is yet a very apparent and momentous Truth: A Truth, that hath not only evidence enough in it to challenge our Belief, but also moment enough

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to be one of the Principles of our Practice, nor is it the peculiar sentiment of our Preacher, for as *Valerius Maximus* tells us, * The whole Nation of the *Thracians*, which justly challenged the Praise of Wisdom, ^{*Val. Max. 2. 6.} was wont to celebrate the Birth of men with Mourning, and their Death with Joy; and this they did without being instructed by Teachers, purely upon their own Observation of the State and Circumstances of Humane Life. And accordingly *Euripides* proposes this Custom to the World as just and reasonable,

Τὸν φρίλα θνήσκῃ αἷς αἰ' ἀρχαῖς χαίρει,
Τὸν δ' αὖ θάνατον ἐν πόλει μεταμύθιον
Χαίροντας ἀφηνεύοντας διατίσαντες δόμον.

i. e. to lament those that are born, upon the account of the many Evils, among which they enter at their Birth; but when they die, and rest from their labour, to celebrate their *Funerals* with Rejoicing and Praises: all which proceeds upon the Truth of this Maxim, That the day of death is better than the day of ones birth. For the proof of which it will be needful to consider our Birth and Death under a three-fold Notion, or Respect:

I. Simply as an Entrance into, and Exit out of Humane Life.

II. As an Entrance into a vicious and impenitent Life here, and an Exit into a miserable Life hereafter.

III. As an Entrance into a pious and vertuous Life here, and an Exit into a happy Immortality hereafter; in all which respects and considerations, I shall endeavour to shew, That our Death is preferable before our Birth and Life.

I. We will consider our Birth simply, as an Entrance into Humane Life, and consequently our Death, as an Exit out of it: for Birth and Death are the two

Boundaries of the Race of Humane Life; the former is the Post from whence it starts, the latter the Goal at which it stops, and as thus considered, Death is preferable upon three accounts.

1. Upon the account of the Evils from which it delivers us.

2. Upon account of the Goods in which it institutes us.

3. Upon account of the hopes and fears arising from both.

1. Upon account of the Evils from which it delivers us: for Life consider'd barely in it self, or under the simple Notion of Self-Activity, is neither good nor evil, but only as it is the Principle of our Sense of good and evil. A Plant hath Life as well as we; but its Life being wholly insensible, it's never the better or the worse for it, because it neither perceives any good, nor feels any evil in living. To those Creatures therefore that have sense with their Life, it is good or evil for them to live in proportion to the Goods and Evils which they are sensible of, and do feel and perceive. If they are sensible of more good than evil, it's good for them to live; but if they perceive more evil than good, it's evil for them to live. If therefore it be made appear that Humane Life hath generally more Evils than Goods, more Pains than Pleasures in it, our Reason may justly pronounce what *Jonas's* Passion did, *That it is better for us to die than to live.* And that this is our case is evident by too many woful experiments. For from those very seeds of mortality that are sown in our natures, there spring up an infinite number of Diseases, that frequently render our whole life a continued torment to us. Sometimes we are drowned in Dropsies; sometimes scorched with Fevers; sometimes torn with Catarrhs, and Phthisicks; sometimes

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sometimes rack'd with Gout, or Stone, or Strangury: to day we are weary; to morrow hungry, or thirsty; next day either pinch'd with Cold, or smother'd with intemperate Heat. Now we are tortured with some acute Disease; anon we are forced to torture our selves for prevention. Thus Griefs, Troubles, and Diseases twist themselves about our Life, as the Ivy about the Oak, till they have exhausted all the Sap of it, and caused it to wither away, and die. But yet it must be owned, That though there is no Happiness in this Life, so pure, but what hath a great deal of Alloy and Intermixture, nor none so blessed, as to be totally exempt from Pain, and Crosses, and Disappointments; yet it cannot be denied, but that Providence hath a great many Favourites in this World, who spend the greatest part of their Lives in Ease and Pleasure, and for every painful moment they endure, are compensated with a thousand Joys, and Satisfaction. *There are no bands in their death, as the Psalmist expresses it, but their strength is firm: they are not in trouble, like other men, neither are they plagued like other men. Their eyes stand out with fatness, they have more than their heart could wish. These are they who prosper in the World, and increase in Riches.* Now as for such as these, life indeed is highly desireable, because it entertains them with far more Goods than Evils; but these, alas! seem priviledged from the common Fate of Mortals, and therefore the Psalmist might well say, *They are not plagued like other men:* for considering how many there are that consume their Lives in perpetual toil and drudgery, and have no other Reward for their many hours Labour, but a short hungry Meal, and a few hours sleep and insensibility! How many that are oppressed with Slavery, harass'd with Cruelty, pin'd with Want and Poverty, overwhelmed with Shame

Psal. 77.

Shame and Infamy, that are wasted with long Sicknesses, outworn with lingering Pains, consumed with Vexation, Sorrow and Anxiety of Soul, that are stung with Remorse, racked with Horrour and Despair, alarmed with perpetual Fears and dismal Expectations; I doubt all these put together, into one number, make the much greater part and generality of Mankind. And though to many of these miserable ones the divine Providence indulges frequent intervals of Ease, Satisfaction, and Pleasure: though it spices and sweetens their bitter Cup with some grateful intermixtures, to make the nauseous Draught of Life go down with them more easily; yet when ever they compare the few goods they enjoy, with the many evils they suffer, and equally ballance their Pleasures with their Pains, their Hopes with their Fears, their Successes with their Crosses, and their Enjoyments with their Disappointments; I make no doubt but they will find the latter turn the Scale, with a great deal of overweight: and when the Evils of Humane Life do thus surmount the Goods, and its Sense is oftener impressed with Pain than with Pleasure, it's a plain case, That Death is a Release and Deliverance.

2. If we consider our Birth simply as an entrance into this Life, without any respect to another, Death is preferable to it upon account of the good in which it instates us. 'Tis true indeed humane Life hath its Pleasures as well as its Pains; but these, alas! in their variety, are so scanty and few, that a very short time suffices us to make a through experiment of them all; and when we have done this once, all our following Pleasures are nothing but dull repetitions of the same things. For the main of the Pleasures of humane Life are transacted within the short

short space of Twenty four Hours ; so that in almost all the rest of our Age, we do nothing else but only tread the same stage over and over, the same enjoyments always returning within the same compass of time. So that after we have been entertain'd a few years with nothing but the same returning Pleasures, our Appetite to 'em is quickly cloy'd, and at length we rise from 'em with loathing and satiety : but then, alas ! in all this narrow circle of Pleasures, the greatest part is little else but a mere privation of Pain and Misery, and 'tis not so much a positive good that pleases us, as the removal of some afflicting evil. Thus Ease and Rest are only so far pleasing to us, as they remove our pain and weariness ; for when these are removed, the Pleasure is over, and in a little time we are weary again of our rest and ease, till pain and weariness return and sweeten 'em, and give them a new and grateful relish. And so when we are weary of Rest, we are fain to recreate our selves with Action ; and when we are weary of Action, we are fain to refresh our selves with Rest : and so round and round again in the same Circle. Thus Eating and Drinking are only so far pleasant to us, as they assuage the pain of our Hunger and Thirst ; and when this is removed, the Pleasure ceases ; and till it returns again upon us, we cannot eat or drink with Pleasure. So again the Pleasure of Health consists in not being pained or diseased. The Pleasure of Recreation in being diverted from the toil and hurry of Business. And as for all the phantastick Pleasure men take in Heaps of Wealth, Heights of Preferment, and Puffs of popular Applause, there is very little real in it, beyond a mere privation of the miseries of Want, Scorn, and Infamy. Thus most of the Pleasures of humane life, are only so many short Reprieves from
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the Griefs, Troubles, and Displeasures of it, so many intermissions of its Pains and Diseases. And the main of all our Happiness here, consists in not being sensible of misery; of which, if we had never lived, we had never been sensible, and when we die shall never be sensible more, that is, supposing Death to be an utter extinction of all Life, both here and hereafter, which is the notion under which I am now considering it: and then, whereas our present Indolence, or Insensibleness of misery, is at best but partial and imperfect, (for to our profoundest ease there always clings some uneasie circumstance, our highest Pleasures have always their appendent stings, and our sweetest Gusts their bitter farewells) Death instates us in a perfect insensibleness, and cures us at once of all diseases: when we go down to make our beds in the dust, there we sleep on in an intire Indolence; there are no midnight qualms, no convulsive starts, or melancholy dreams to discompose our rest, but all is hush and still, soft and quiet round about us; *there the wicked cease from trouble, as Job expresses it, there the wearied are at rest, there the prisoners rest together, they hear not the voice of the Oppressors, the small and great are there, and the servant is free from his master; Job 3. 17.* Seeing therefore that Death renders us intirely insensible of Pain and Misery, and the best of Life, even the Pleasure of it, is little else but a non-perception of Pain, and that a partial one too; it hence follows, That Death consider'd in it self and without respect to the consequence of it, is really preferable to Life.

3. Death is also preferable to Life, upon account of the Hopes and Fears arising from the goods and evils in both. For if there be no good to be hoped for in this Life, which is not reasonably to be expected

sted in Death; if there be no evil to be dreaded in Death, which is not more to be dreaded in Life, then it's plain, that Death is preferable before it. But I beseech you what great good doth your Hope propose to you in living? Is it that you may pamper your Lusts, and entertain your Voluptuousness a little longer? The meaning of which is no more than this, That you may appease the rage of your own desire with a short enjoyment that will but the more inflame them, and that when they are more inflamed, you may appease them again with the same enjoyment; that is to say, you would fain be eased from the importunate cravings of an insatiable Appetite, from which, when all is done, there is not thing will perfectly ease ye but a mouthful of Earth, and that, by extinguishing the Appetite, will for ever satisfy its craving, and then you will be perfectly at rest. For which is the greater good, I beseech ye, never to hunger at all, or to endure the pain of Hunger, only for the pleasure of Eating? Doth not the impatience of your desire, which is a Pain, generally abide a great deal longer on your Appetite, than the Pleasure of satisfaction? and do ye not find upon an equal comparison of both, that the length of the pain of your desire, doth more than countervail the pleasure of your enjoyment? But now in Death all desire ceases, and so what you lose in being deprived of the Pleasure of satisfaction, you gain with advantage, in being cured of the pain of desire. Or would you live that you may get more plentiful Estates? the meaning of which is no more than this, that you would fain be farther removed from want of the necessities, and conveniences of Life, and translate your selves to such a distance from wretched indigence, as that it never may

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be able to reach you: but this, alas! you can never hope to do, till you are translated into the Grave. For if you were never so rich, there are a thousand Accidents, in this life, that can strip and despoil ye of all, and render ye as poor and indigent as ever; but when you are dead, you are beyond all want, because you are beyond all appetite and desire; for they that have no hunger can want no food, and they that feel no need can need no supply. Once more, would you live longer, that hereafter you may live more at ease, more free from toil and labour, and fatigue? alas, poor Man, is it rest thou seekest? go seek it in the Grave, for there it dwells, not here. You strangely mistake, if you imagine, that there are any circumstances here so easy, as to be totally exempt from fatigue and uneasiness; but in the Grave, all is perfectly still and quiet, there are no cares nor fears, no hurrying nor scrambling, no jostling or countermining of one another; but all the once busy Actors are there hush'd into perfect rest and repose. Thus the main of all the goods that we hope for in Life, are only to be found in Death. But then on the contrary, What great evil is there that you dread in Death? Is it that you must part from your Friends, and never enjoy their Conversation more? And what then, Are you not many times fain to part with your Friends here upon far worse terms than Death? How many Friends have you been forced to part with upon their treachery and falsehood, upon their disingenuous usage, barbarous affronts, and unjust provocations? And how do you know but ere long you may be forced to part from the Friends you are now so loth to part with, upon the same terms? When you go to the Grave, indeed you will have no Friends to advise, or comfort, or assist ye. But then as you will have none, so first you will

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will need none ; for as there are no difficulties in the Grave, so there can need no counsels ; as there are no distresses, so there can need no comforts ; as there are no pretensions, so there can need no assistances ; and then as you will have no true Friends to advise, or comfort, or assist ye, so you will have no false ones to abuse, aggrieve and betray you ; and to be delivered from *those* is, I doubt, generally speaking, at least a sufficient recompence for the loss of *those*. But O when you die, you must leave the Company of Men, converse and talk no more, laugh and rejoice no more, but be laid up in Everlasting Darkness and Silence. And what then ? As you will leave behind ye the Society of Men, so you will leave the desire of their Society, and when you cease to desire, you will cease to want ; and when you cease to want it, what harm will it be to be deprived of it ? But then as you will be deprived of the pleasure of human Society, so you will also be deliver'd from the trouble and vexation of it : you will no more be grieved with the falshood and treachery of it, no more be harrassed with the follies and importinencies of it, no more be teased with the peevishness and insolencies, the discords and wranglings of it ; but be for ever removed out of all the tedious noise, and vexatious tumults that attend it. And what if you cease to laugh, to rejoice, and to be merry, you will also cease to weep, and sigh, and groan ; and, I am apt to think, if you could so compound the business of Life, as to part with all the joys of it, to be discharged from all the sorrows of it, 'twould be at least a saving bargain. But alas, when you come to die, you must be sick and in pain, and undergo many a mortal pang and convulsion before your tough Heart-strings and Eye-strings will crack. This may be indeed, and it may not be : but suppose the worst, Are there no

pains in Life as well as in Death, no aking of Head, or griping of Bowels, no tortures of Gout, or Stone, or Strangury? I am sure you most of you know the contrary by woful experience; and I am apt to think, that upon a just computation, one years pains of the most easy Life you can hope to lead, will be found equivalent to a few days pain of the most uneasy Death. If then the evils we fear in Death, are generally greater in Life, and the goods we hope for in Life are to be found with greater advantage in Death; then certainly, if we consider our Birth and Death, meerly as our Entrance into, and Exit out of Life, it is, generally speaking, better to die than to be born.

III. And so I pass on to the second Notion, or respect under which we are to consider our Birth and Death, viz. as an Entrance into a wicked and impenitent Life here, and an Exit into a miserable Life hereafter. The truth of it is, our Life and Death considered meerly in themselves, are things so very near indifferent; that they are Goods or Evils, Blessings or Curses to us, as we improve and make 'em: for it is only in respect to the happy or miserable Life beyond this; that to live or die is a good or an evil; if we live so here as to intitle our selves to a happy Life hereafter, we hereby render our Life an inestimable Blessing to us; for besides, that by living Soberly, Righteously and Godly, and thereby intitling our selves to live happily for ever, we render our present being far more easy and comfortable: Besides that, we escape the Pains, and the Diseases, the Vexations and Incommodities, to which vicious courses do almost necessarily expose us, and acquire a far more sincere and grateful relish of the pleasures and comforts of this Life. Besides this, I say, we intail upon our present Life a future reward so immense, as is abundantly sufficient to make us
amends

amends for all the possible Evils and Calamities of it; and upon these accounts, and these only it is, that the prolongation of our Life is in Scripture represented and promised as a Blessing. But if on the contrary, we so live here as to intail upon our selves a Life of Eternal wretchedness and misery hereafter, we render our Life the greatest Plague and Curse to us : for how jovial soever our present being may be, 'tis at best but a short Comical Prologue to an Everlasting Tragedy. And if we should escape all the mischiefs that are naturally incident to Vice, and reap only the pleasures; yet 'twould be far better for us never to have lived at all, than to live happily for a few moments, so as to live miserably for ever. If therefore our Birth prove only an entrance to a wicked and impenitent Life, we have only one of these three things reasonably to wish for. First, That we had never been Born, seeing 'twould have been a thousand times better for us never to have been at all, than to be only in a tolerable condition for a few moments, and then to be miserable for ever. But since we are born, and 'tis in vain for us to wish, that what is, had never been; the next good we have to wish for is, that we may never die, seeing how undesirable soever our present being is, it is certainly far more desirable than Hell, and 'tis much better for us to lead a Life worse than Death, than to die into Everlasting Horror and Despair. But since it is in vain for us to wish that we may live for ever here, it being irrevocably appointed for all men once to die; the next reasonable object of our wishes (that is, supposing we sin on, and never repent) is, that we may die quickly, seeing all the while we live, we shall but treasure up more wrath against the day of wrath, and heat the Furnace of our future Torment still hotter and hotter; for all the time we live here, supposing

supposing that we still live wickedly, we are only adding new Items to our account, and inflaming the reckoning of our future punishment: and therefore unless we at length repent and amend, it were far better for us to die now, than to live twenty years longer. For if we die now, we shall have much less to answer for, much less guilt to expiate, and consequently much less punishment to endure. Whereas if we live twenty years longer, we shall but add twenty years Sin and Impenitence to our account; which will make such a dreadful addition to our punishment, that all the possible pleasures we can reap from our twenty years Sin, will be infinitely short of making us amends for it. Wherefore considering our Birth as an entrance into a wicked Life, and consequently our Death as an Exit into an Eternally miserable one; it is apparently better for us, seeing we must die at last, to die now, than to live.

III. and lastly, We will consider our Birth as an entrance into a pious and virtuous Life, and consequently our Death as an Exit into an happy Immortality hereafter. The best thing in humane Life, is Piety and Virtue, without which, it is all a meer Wilderness, an empty flat Parenthesis of Time, clasped in on either side with Eternity; but he who lives piously and virtuously, lives a Life worth the living, a Life that ere long will terminate in a glorious immortality. And to lead such a Life is richly worth the while to be born; because the end and expiration of it, is only a second Birth into an endless Life and Happiness: upon which account, though a pious Life is of all others the best and most excellent Life; yet is the Death that concludes it, far more eligible and advantageous, and that upon these four accounts.

1. Because it puts us into a far better state of health and vigour.
2. Because it instates us in far better enjoyments.
3. Because it translates us to far better Company.
4. Because it fixes us in a far more certain and permanent possession of all.

1. Because it puts us into a far better state of health and vigour. For though there is no doubt but an exact Vertue and regularity of Life is a very great preservative from many of the Diseases and Infirmities that are incident to Mortality, as well as a very strong Cordial to support us under 'em; yet we find by woeful experience, that it is no exemption from 'em, or infallible Antidote against 'em. The best Men have oftentimes but a very crazy health, and do languish out their days in a great deal of pain and uneasiness; and even in their most healthy and vigorous state, they have their sickly intervals, their wearisom days and sleeplefs Nights, their Gripes and Qualms, and painful Oppressions, and a great part of their Life is so very grievous and afflictive, that 'twould be an ease to 'em to be insensible: and which is the worst of all, such is the vital union between their flesh and spirit, that they always mutually sympathize with each other, so that when ever the one is weary, or sick, or pained, the other faints, and droops, and languishes; by reason of which, when ever their Body is indisposed, it is a clog and burthen to their Souls, that instead of assisting, hampers and intangles it in all its best and noblest operations, and even in the exercise of her Religion, (which when she is free and vigorous, is incomparably the most delightful sphere of action,) renders her dull, supine, and listless. Thus in this mortal state we are well neither in Body nor Soul; and whilst this nimble and active spirit within us is confined

ned to operate by these unwieldy Organs of Flesh, they will be more or less a constant check upon its natural vigour and activity. But when Death shall part this ill-matched pair, and separate the living from the dead, the weary and heavy-laden Soul will presently find her self strangely at ease: and being at once released from all the incumbrances of this mortal state, and from all the annoyances of flesh and blood, she will immediately feel the natural strength and vigour of her own Legs and Wings, which before were hampered and benumm'd, and with unspeakable nimbleness and alacrity, mount up to the Immortal Regions, where being far removed out of the noise and participation of all these bodily passions and grievances, she shall complain no more of a Cloudy Brain, or an aking Head, of wearied Limbs, or drooping Spirits, or oppressed Bowels; but shall live for ever in perfect ease, health and vigour. If therefore it be better to be well than sick, to be at ease than weary, to be sprightly and vigorous than dull and listless; then certainly it is incomparably better for a good Man that hath a right to a better life hereafter, to die than to live.

2. Because Death instates us in far better enjoyments than any this Life will afford. For in the highest enjoyments of this Life, there is far more of phantastry than of real good, as is evident from hence, because we always find, that our imagination of things is much bigger than our enjoyment of 'em; and while we are in pursuit of 'em, we still phancy we shall be much more happy in 'em, than we find ourselves when we come to possess 'em. For such wretched counterfeits are most of these outward goods, that they will not bear the test of a long fruition, and how fair and big soever they may seem in the eye of our expectation; yet enjoying 'em presently rifles and destitutes 'em:

'em: the first taste of 'em indeed is commonly very grateful to us, but after we have often repeated it, it grows flat, and after that, loathsome. When we have but little of what our appetite craves, we are not contented, but still impatient for more; and when we have our load of it, we loath it, so that in reality our pleasures consist only in being restless, till we are weary, and displeased till we can feel no pleasure. For till it hath pleased us, it is not a pleasure; and when it hath pleased us, it ceases to be so. In short therefore, All that which we call pleasure and happiness here, is only a great and eager expectation of pleasure: for no sooner have we tasted the objects of our expectation, but the pleasure dies, and so like Bees in a Garden, we hum and rove about from Flower to Flower, and as soon as we have tasted one, and exhausted its sweetness, we leave it and fly away to another; thus seeking in vain to Eternize our pleasure by a continued succession and circle of varieties. And now methinks after we have made so many Tryals of the truth of all this, we should at length grow impatient of being still imposed upon by the same repeated imposture, and be weary of this Scene of Vanities, wherein we are thus perpetually tossed to and fro by our own unsatisfied desires, thus distracted by the uncertain motions of a Ravenous Appetite, and thus endlessly bewilder'd by following the roving dictates of a blind Imagination; that would fain be happy, but knows not how. But if you cast your Eyes beyond the Grave into that state of Life whereinto Death admits ye, there you will find a far more satisfactory account of things; there you will find pleasures that will abide upon your Palate, and will indure an Everlasting fruition, that will not wither while you are smelling to 'em, and die away in your enjoyment of them, but rather

rather improve upon your tast, and be growing Eternally more and more relishing and grateful. For Heaven is but one continued joy, one uninterrupted sensation of pleasure, which by pleasing grows more pleasant, and the longer it is enjoyed, the more it ravishes the Enjoyer. And whereas our present pleasures, consisting in the vehement motion of our material sensations, are transient, and do quickly slip away, so that we must rest awhile before we can renew 'em and begin the motion again; those Heavenly Pleasures are such as will indeed vehemently affect and move, but never weary the faculties of the Enjoyer: nay, will be so far from spending and weakening 'em, that they will more and more strengthen and improve 'em; for they are all of 'em rational pleasures, and that which pleases true reason once, pleases it for ever; and still the more it is enjoyed, the more it pleases: and where the good that is enjoyed is no less than God himself, who is not only a rational but an infinite good, it must do so. For in the fruition of an infinite good, which can never be fully enjoyed by us finite Creatures, but in an infinite succession of enjoyments; every new delight must raise a new desire, and every new desire find a new delight for ever; and so still the more we know of him, the more we shall love him; and the more we love him, the more we shall rejoice in him; and the more we rejoice in him, the more we shall know, and love, and rejoice anew; and in this blessed Circle we shall move round for ever. Thus all the enjoyments of our future Life are pregnant with eternal pleasures; such as instead of being spent by fruition, will to all Eternity be increased and multiplied: and if this be so, then certainly, for such as are prepared for Heaven, and intitled to it, it is incomparably better to die than to live;

live; seeing by Death they only exchange the mean and trifling, the imaginary and phantastick injoyments of this Life, for such as are vastly greater and better.

3. Because Death translates us to far better Company than any we can here converse with; for considering the folly and degeneracy of humane nature, there is no great good to be expected here from humane Society: but while we live among men, we must be content with such conversation as we find, and not always expect to find such as we would have. Sometimes we must be entertained with an empty tedious din of impertinencies, and either be content to bore our Ears to the slavery of attending to it, or to be accounted rude, or proud and conceited; sometimes we must bear with passion and peevishness, or live, like Salamanders, in the Fire of wrangling and contention; sometimes we must ruffle with insolence, or content our selves to be always abused, and born down by it; sometimes we must guard our selves against treachery and falsehood, and converse with caution, and reserve, or be perpetually exposed to a thousand snares and mischiefs; sometimes we must endure the nauseous steam of fulsome Ribaldry, or which is worse, the horrid sound of profaneness and blasphemy, or else be hift out of Company, as pragmatick Usurpers upon the freedom of humane Conversation; sometimes we must be plagued with the Serpentine hissing, and poisonous Breath of detraction and Calumny; and sometimes be cruciated with the malice and impertinence of backbiting and gossiping; of base and false innuendo's, sly and injurious insinuations. We must sometimes see malice and treachery, conducted under the Banners of Civility and Friendship; pious ends pretended to promote ambitious designs; Charity and Union extoll'd to advance revenge and division; Zeal

for publick good, counterfeited only to serve private passions and interest; all which are high grievances to men of integrity and good nature: Yet some, or all these things, we are fain to indure in the most of our Conversations with men. Here is Society indeed! 'twould even provoke a wife and good Man, to cry out of it with the Prophet, *O that I had in the Wilderness a lodging place of wayfaring men, that I might leave my people and go from 'em; for they are all Adulterers, an Assembly of treacherous men; they bend their tongues like their Bows, for lies, but they are not valiant for the truth upon the Earth. Take ye heed every one of his Neighbour, and trust ye not in any Brother; for every Brother will utterly supplant, and every Neighbour will walk with slanders, and they will deceive every one his Neighbour, and will not speak the truth; they have taught their tongue to speak lies, and weary themselves to commit iniquity.* Blessed Company this, for a wise Man to be fond of, or for the dear sake of it, to be unwilling to die! especially considering to how much better Company Death introduces us, *viz.* into the Company of blessed Angels, and of the Spirits of just Men made perfect; that is, into the Company of the most refined Spirits, the most wise and knowing, the most kind and benign, the most courteous and communicative, the most faithful and just, the most humble and meek; in short, the most every thing, that can render Company delightful and endearing: so that with them our conversation will be a perpetual intercourse of wisdom and love, fidelity and truth, without jealousy or design, caution or reserve, but all frank and open, Heart with Heart, and Soul with Soul. O blessed Society, where every one is a Friend to every one, and every Friend hath in him all the accomplishments that can render a Friend an inestimable Jewel; where all are happy to their utmost

utmost wishes, and every one rejoices and shares in every ones happiness. Here is Society indeed to our own hearts desire, Society worth dying for, and, which is more, worth living for for ever. And if such be the Society that Death lets us into, I leave any man to judge, whether it be not much better for us to go away from hence, to leave this faithless, peevish and ill-natured World; than to stay any longer, or converse any longer, like Briars with Thorns, where there is nothing but rending and tearing on both sides.

4. And lastly, Because Death fixes us in a far more certain and permanent possession of all. While we live here, how uneasily soever, we are still fond of living; but still we know that e'er long we must die, and leave all that is dear to us upon earth: and the prospect of that, many times, gives us more trouble and disturbance than Death it self. So that all the time we live we are like those that live under the Pain and torment of the Stone; they know very well that they have but one remedy for their misery, and that is cutting; but this alas is hazardous and painful, and therefore though they must come to it at last, yet they are extremely unwilling; they would fain be well, but still they would fain have a little longer respite from their remedy, and so they still groan on, and still indure, not only the pain of their Disease, but also the painful expectation of the future incision: whereas, had they been cut at first, perhaps they had long since been cured of both. Thus we, while we are lingering out this wretched Life, know very well, that we have but one remedy, and that is Death: But Oh, cry we, 'tis a grievous one! and what then? we certainly know we must indure it at last, but yet we would fain live a little longer, that is, we would fain indure the pain of living, and the painful expectation of dying.

ing a little longer. Whereas had we now but the patience and courage to undergo the dreadful operation, we should be released from both as soon as ever it is over, and, in a few moments, restored to eternal health and ease. And whereas while we live here, we are in a continual flow and reflow of things, at ease this moment, in pain the next; rich to day, poor to morrow; now advanced to the top of the Wheel, anon crushed underneath it; and so insecure of every good, that our prospect of being deprived of it still imbitters our Enjoyments. Death translates us into an Eternal Possession of all desirable good, and sets us beyond the reach both of Time and Chance, in a state of Being and Happiness that admits no change or interruption; that is not to be measured by Hours or Moments, by Years or Centuries, or Myriads or Indictions, but runs on, in an everlasting Flux of Duration; every part whereof is equally, because infinitely, distant from a Period. For that Happiness, in which Death instates us, being infinite, we shall always need as well as have, and always have as well as need an Eternity of Fruition fully to enjoy it. So that during every present moment of our happiness, we shall feel our selves possessed with Eternal Ages of Happiness to come; and together with every Pleasure that we taste this moment, enjoy the fore-taste of an Eternity of Pleasure, which will superadd an inconceivable Sweetness and Relish to it, and render it grateful and delicious, beyond all imagination. Seeing therefore that Death only prefers us from an uncertain and slippery possession of Goods, to a fixt and Eternal one; if a continued Happiness be better than an interrupted one, and everlasting Joy than a moment's Enjoyment; then, certainly, it must be better for us, incomparably better, to die than to live.

Having

Having thus proved at large the Truth of the Proposition, I shall close up all with two or three Inferences.

I N F E R E N C E I.

1. From hence I infer how unreasonable it is for Men to value themselves upon any of the present circumstances of this Life: For if Death in all these respects is preferable to Life, then, to be sure, the best Circumstances of this Life are very mean and inconsiderable; much too mean for a Man to value himself upon, that is born to live for ever, seeing this mortal Life is so very light and inconsiderable, as that even Death it self (in the Ballance of a reasonable estimation) out-weighs it. He therefore that values himself by any thing, but by his immortal Soul, by which he is for ever to out-live this poor inconsiderable Life, and by those things which are its proper Graces, and Ornaments; begins at the wrong end of himself, forgets his Jewels, and estimates his Estate by his Lumber: and yet, good God, what foolish measures do the generality of men take of themselves! Were we not forc'd to it, by too many woful Experiments, it would be a hard thing for us to imagine, that any reasonable Creature, who believes himself compounded of a mortal Body, and an immortal Soul, should be so ridiculous, as to value himself by the little trifling advantages of a well-coloured Skin, a Sute of fine Clothes, a Puff of popular Applause, or a large Heap of white and red Earth: And yet, God help us, these are the only things, almost, by which we value, and difference our selves from one another. You, forsooth, are a much better Man than your Neighbour, who is a poor contemptible

ble Wretch, a little creeping despicable Animal, not worthy the notice or cognizance of such a Man as you. Why, in the name of God, Sir, what is the matter? Where is this mighty difference between you and him? Hath he not a Soul as well as you? A Soul that is capable to live as long, and to be as happy as your's? Yes, this you cannot deny; but you thank God for't, you are, notwithstanding this, an other-guise Man than he; you have a much handsomer Body than he; and, to your great comfort, it's apparelled too much more finely and fashionably: You live in a far more splendid Equipage, and have a larger Purse to maintain it, and your Name is much more in vogue, and makes a far greater noise in the World. But is this all the difference then between your mighty selves and this wretched Neighbour of yours? Alas, poor Man! a few days more will quite put an end to all this; and when once your rich Attires are reduc'd to a Winding-sheet, and all your vast Possessions to six foot of Earth, What will become of all these little Trifles, by which you value your selves? Where then will be the Beauty, the Wealth, the Port, and Garb, which you are now so proud of? Then this lovely Body will look as pale and gastly; this puffed, and lofty Soul will be left as bare, as poor, and naked, as this poor despised Neighbour's: and should you now meet his wandering Ghost in the vast World of Spirits, what would you have to boast of more than he, now that your Beauty is wither'd, your Wealth vanished, and all your outward Pomp and Splendour shrouded in the horrors of a silent Grave? Now you will have nothing to distinguish you from the most contemptible, unless you have wiser and better Souls: and by how much the more you were respected for your Beauty, Wealth, Garb, and Equipage, in this World; by so much

much you will be the more despised for your Pride and Insolence, Sensuality and Covetousness, in the other. Let us therefore learn to value our selves by that which will abide by us, by our immortal Souls, and by those heavenly Graces which do adorn and accomplish 'em; by our Humility and Devotion, our Charity and Meekness, our Temperance and Justice, which are such Preheminencies as will survive our Funerals, and distinguish us from base and abject Souls for ever. But for an immortal Being to value it self by any of these temporary Advantages, is, in the same degree, ridiculous, as 'twas for the Emperour Nero to value himself for being an excellent Fidler.

INFERENCE II.

2. From hence I infer, what little reason there is for Men, who have any good hope of a better Life, to be afraid of Death: for if Death it self be, upon a just computation, preferable to this Life, why should that Man be afraid of exchanging this Life for Death, who hath any just ground to hope for Eternal Life into the bargain. If Death be an advantage, considered only as it is an Exit from the Troubles of this Life, how much more is it so, consider'd as it is an Entry into the Glories and Beatitudes of the other; and therefore if you will allow it to be unreasonable for sick Men to be afraid of their Recovery; for Slaves to tremble at the news of a Jubilee; for Prisoners to be grieved at their Gaol-Delivery; how much more unreasonable is it, for a good Man to be afraid of dying, which, to him, is but a momentary passage from Sickness to Eternal Health, from Labour to Eternal Rest, from Confinement to Eternal Liberty.

E

Consider

Consider, I beseech you, what great Goods are there in this Life that you have just reason to be fond of; what Evils in the other that you have any cause to be afraid of? Suppose that your departed Soul were this moment on the wing, mounting upwards towards the Celestial Abodes, and that, at some convenient stand, between Heaven and Earth, from whence you might take a full prospect of both, you were now making a pause to surveigh and compare 'em with one another: Suppose that having viewed over all the Glories above, that having heard the Melodies of Angels, and tasted the Beatifical Joy; you were now looking down again (with your Minds fill'd and ravished with those glorious Idea's) upon this miserable World, and that all in a view, you beheld the vast number of Men and Women, that, at this time, are fainting for want of Bread; of young Men that are bleeding under the Sword of War; of Orphans that are lamenting over the Graves of their Parents; of Mariners that are shrieking in a storm, under the dismal apprehension of being stranded, or founder'd; of miserable People that are groaning upon sick Beds, or rackt with Agonies of Conscience, that are weeping with want, or mad with oppression, or desperate by too quick a sense of a continued infelicity. Suppose, I say, you had seen at two distinct views, all those glorious things above, and these dismal things below; would you not be glad at your hearts that you were gone from hence, that you were out of the noise and participation of so many Evils and Calamities? Would you not be a thousand times more afraid of returning from thence, than ever you were of going from hence thither? doubtless you would: Why then should not your Experience of the Miseries here, and your belief of the Felicities there, produce in you the same effect; and make you cheerfully

fully willing, when ever God pleases to call you, to exchange this wretched Life for that blessed Immortality?

INFERENCE III.

3. And lastly, From hence I infer, what is the proper end and use of living; namely, that it is so to live here, as that we may live happily hereafter. For if Death it self be better than this Life, then it can be upon no other account good for us to live, than as we live in order to our living for ever: And indeed it seems very strange, that any reasonable beings should ever entertain such mean and sordid thoughts of themselves, such narrow scantlings of their own Capacities, as to think, that they were born to no other purpose, but only to eat and drink, and sleep and wake for twenty or thirty years together; and all this while to be only made the sport of an inconstant Fortune, and bandied to and fro, like Tennis-Balls, upon the Rackets of every cross turn and revolution of things: From pain to pleasure, and from pleasure to pain; from fullness to want; from honour to infamy, and so back again; and never to rest in any one state, till the Game is plaid out, and then to return into Eternal Silence and Insensibility. I profess, in my most serious thoughts, I cannot but wonder, that one who thinks so abjectly of himself, should ever have the Patience to outlive such a thought, to avoid the temptation of dispatching himself out of this crowd and hurry of Impertinencies, into the dark retirement of a quiet Grave. For upon what other account can this vain wretched Life be desireable, than as it is a state of trial and probation for Immortality and Happiness? And if upon this account alone it is desirable,

O good God ! How do those Men cheat and abuse themselves, who build their Tabernacles here, and aim at no further Happiness than this present state of things affords ; who though they have Capacities large enough for a Heaven of immortal Joys, Faculties great enough to converse with Angels, and communicate with 'em in their highest Glories and Beatitudes, can yet sit down tamely satisfied with a condition so wretched and miserable ! In the name of God therefore, let us now at last remember, that we are born for higher things than these, for far more solid and substantial enjoyments ; and considering this, for shame let us rouse up our selves, and shake off this fordid and degenerate temper, that makes us act so infinitely unbecoming the dignity of our rational and immortal Natures. And since we are not only fitted for a higher Happiness, but also assured of enjoying it, upon condition we qualify our selves for it, by acquiring these Heavenly dispositions of Souls, without which it is impossible for us to relish it : Let us now at length arise and dress our selves for Eternity, by first putting of our Old Man, with all its corrupt Lusts and Affections, and then putting on the New, which consists in Repentance from dead Works, in fervent Love and profound veneration of God, and a sincere subjection to his Heavenly Will, in Temperance, Humility and Justice, and universal Charity to all Men. And when we have thus arrayed our selves, thus excellently adorned and beautified our Natures, we have lived to admirable purpose indeed ; lived to live happily for ever, to accomplish our selves for the eternal Embraces of the God of Love, and for the Society and Happiness of Angels, and of Blessed Spirits.

And so I have done with the Text, and shall only add a few Words upon the sorrowful Occasion, *viz.* the Funeral of Sir *John Chapman*, late Lord Mayor of this famous City; and that I may not say any thing of him, that shall look like Flattery, or an over-kind Partiality, to his Memory: I will say nothing of him, but what, I am sure, all that knew him, as I did, will justifie; and for those that knew him not, I am sure, 'twill be highly uncharitable for them to contradict me. I cannot deny but that as he was a Man, so he had the Frailties of a Man, which common Charity obliges us to bury in Silence and Oblivion; but with those Frailties he had a great many excellent Qualities, in which, I heartily wish some Men would be as forward to imitate him, as they have been to censure and traduce him: For, I am sure, if they were, 'twould turn to a much better account to them, both here and hereafter. As for his Religion, I speak it upon certain knowledge, he was a firm and hearty Protestant, of the Communion of the *Church of England*, that Church, which however it may be now reproach'd and vilify'd by an ungrateful Generation, was, not long ago, the Fence of the English Laws and Liberties, and the only standing Bank against the Inundations of Popery, when it was threatening to overwhelm us all; of this Church, was our deceased Friend a Cordial and Affectionate Son, he loved its Constitution, frequented its Worship and Communion, and could his honest Zeal to it, have permitted him to trinkle with Popery, (as some others did who made the loudest noise against it when there was no danger in View) and given it but a helping hand to destroy those legal Securities that stood in its way, and (under God's Providence) were the only insuperable Fence against it,

it, he might have been, to my knowledge, Lord Mayor soon enough to have out-lived his Mayoralty; and how well and wisely he behaved himself in it, under the most difficult Circumstances, how effectually he consulted the City's Peace and Security, when Dangers environ'd her on every side, how equally he pois'd himself amidst all Extreame, how prudently he weather'd the threatening Storm of military Force that hung over it, how happily he stem'd the difficult tide of Popular Commotion, which in other Parts bore down all before it; will perhaps be remembered to his immortal Honour, whenever a more grateful Age succeeds. I know, he hath been frequently charged with keeping secret Correspondencies with the Enemies of our Laws and Religion, and therein, of betraying the great Trust reposed in him. But this is a Calumny as ridiculous, as it is false: for how was it possible for a Person of my Lord Mayor's Figure, to convey himself invisibly (as this Story pretends Sir John Chapman did) from one end of the Town to the other, without the privy of his own numerous Family, who knew nothing of the matter, or the cognizance of all that populous City between? But this I certainly know, that so far as the Laws of Civility and Duty would admit, he always industriously avoided all secret Conversation, and made it the leading Principle of his Conduct, through all that difficult Scene of Affairs, to act upon no other secret Orders or Councils, but what were first propos'd, and consented to, by his worthy Brethren of the Court of Aldermen. And as he thus acted upon the square, in all his publick Administrations; so in his private Capacity, he was a Person of unspotted Integrity and Justice in all his Entercourses with Men: One, who, as I verily

verily believe, did never wilfully wrong any man in the World; of the truth of which take one instance for all: He having, many years agoe, had great Dealings with a certain Person, well known in this City, there remain'd a large Account between 'em, which, at length, was evened, adjusted, and discharged on both sides; but, several years after, he having some occasion to review this Account, found there was a great mistake in it, and that there remained a very considerable Summ of Money due to his Correspondent; upon which he immediately goes and acquaints him with it, and pays him to the utmost Farthing. An Example of Justice, which, I would to God, those Men would imitate, that make so bold with his Memory. Nor was he less Benign and Charitable, than he was Honest and Just; for as he was a good Neighbour, and a hearty Friend, so he was a general Lover of Mankind; always free and forward to render good Offices to all that needed and craved his Assistance. And then as for his Alms, I must crave leave of his Alms to do a right to his Memory against his own Inclinations; for, in his Life time, he was so severe an Observer of our Saviour's Caution, *Take heed that ye do not your Alms before men*, so utterly abhorrent of that Pharisaical Humour; of performing his good Works in a clear Echoe that might be sure to resound 'em after him in Praises and Commendations, that perhaps he too much affected Privacy and Concealment; and was so far from desiring that *his Light* should glare out in Vanity and Ostentation, that he would not suffer it to *shine out enough before men*, to provoke 'em by the sight of it to glorifie our common Father in Heaven: for his Charity ran under ground, in such secret Channells, that some, I know, were apt to question whether the Spring were not dry, or, at least,

least, very scanty in its Communications. But now he is gone, his Memory, like the Leaves of Roses, smells sweet and fragrant after the Rose is dead; for now that he is out of hearing, and those few that knew his Charities, and those many that were refreshed by 'em, dare own and attest 'em, without fear of offending his modest Piety; It appears by several hundreds of Pounds which he gave in his Life upon several charitable Occasions, besides the charitable Legacies he hath bequeathed at his Death, that he was, not only in Word but in Deed, a true Benefactor to Mankind. And then as for his Relative Duties, he was, that which every good Man is (and without which it is fullsome Hypocrisy for any Man to pretend to Religion) *viz.* A kind and obliging Husband, a tender and provident Father, a courteous and benevolent Master, and in all the degrees of his Relation a ready Assistant, a useful Friend, and a generous Benefactor. Such was his Life, and as for his last Sickness, though it now and then interrupted the exercise of his Reason, yet no sooner was it restored to him, but he gave all the Indications of a truly pious and devout Mind; he heartily lamented the Failings of his Life, and bound himself in new Resolutions of Amendment; he underwent his Pains with a calm and constant Mind, and seemed full of good Thoughts and holy Affections; full of hearty Submissions and Resignations to God; and in this excellent Posture of Mind he expired into Eternity: where God grant that with him, together with all those that are departed this Life, in the true Faith of Christ's holy Name, we may all have our perfect Consummation and Bliss both in Body and Soul, in Everlasting Glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord; to whom, with the Father, and Eternal Spirit, be ascribed all Honour and Praise, now and for ever,
Amen. F I N I S.